STODDARD, WM. O.

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Abraham Lincoln's Secretaries

William Stoddard

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the

Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

71.2009.085.03969

Lincoln's Great Genius for Detail

A Cardinal Secret of his Success — Nothing too Minute for his Investigation — His Private Secretary describes his Patient Attention to Little Things

WILLIAM O. STODDARD

FROM the heginning of Ahraham Lincoln's career to its end, he paid painfully careful attention to details. A certain neglect of his owu personal affairs and interests resulted from this very feature of his habit of thought in work.

W. O. STODDARD

There are anecdotes of his management of law cases which illustrate his close analysis of evidence and his ahility to discover the small and half-hidden flaws of testimony. Nothing escaped him. As a politician, no leader made himself more carefully familiar with individual men and with seemingly inconsiderahle local influences. He gained a remarkably full acquaintance with his own district first, then with the State of Illinois, and then a knowledge of the entire country.

Evolving an Army and Navy

He went to Washington, in 1861, to take the supreme direction of a war which had already heen going forward during several months of extended military operations. He found himself, however, almost without either army or navy. It was necessary to manufacture hoth, and the record of his processes is crowded with valuable teachings. He could not and did not try to go forward in accordance with estahlished rules or ideas. On the contrary, he sought for things new and hetter, and did more than any other nian has done to bring ahout the great revolution which has given all the nations of the earth their existing armaments.

It is generally known, but hardly with sufficient appreciation of the real meaning of the fact, that to his autocratic dictation was due the construction of the first "Monitor," the "cheesehox on a raft," which defeated the "Merrimac" in Hampton Roads. Very many were the naval improvements which had heen urged upon him without arousing his especial interest, hut one day a gentleman named Bushnell brought to him in his office at the White House the model of Mr. Ericsson's remarkable inveution. Mr. Bushnell relates that the President examined it carefully, said little, hut immediately ordered a board of naval officers to meet and consider the matter. He himself met with them, and the general opinion of the board seemed to he strongly adverse to the apparently complicated invention. Mr. Lincoln listened thoughtfully, weighing all arguments. At the end, he gave no reason for any opinion which he had formed, but gave orders which compelled the huilding of the "Monitor."

His Study of Gun-Models

Hardly second to this is the persistent attention and vigorous directions which he gave to the development of the gunboat flotilla required for the waters of the West. Proposed models and plans not a few were brought to him, and he studied them in all their parts, by himself, alone.

The plans decided upon for acceptance were selected and ordered by him, and the war record of the gunboats huilt vindicates his judgment.

Some of the war machines proposed to him were altogether ludicrous, and he could laugh them out of his office, and in others which he could not use he pointed out the rudiments of important results yet to be obtained. Much more laborious and continuous was the attention which he paid to the suhject of arms of precision for infantry. It was, at the first, difficult to ohtain weapons of any pattern in sufficient numhers to supply the gathering volunteers. All the discarded weapons of Europe were offered hy eager speculators, and all the government armories were quickly emptied.

It seems hard to helieve now, but in the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department, at that time, and among its ranking officers, there existed a strong prejudice in favor of the old smooth-bore musket, and against the "Minie" rifle. Tenfold was the strength of this opposition directed against the breech-loader, although some of these. and several chambered, repeating rifles, had heen hrought to a high degree of excellence.

In private conversation, Mr. Lincoln freely expressed his opinion that the hreech-loading rifle was to be the universally accepted weapon of the future, both for cavalry and infantry. Of every specimen of this sort at that time hrought to him, however, he made a thorough inspection, and decided that the "service rifle" had not yet been produced.

He was a civilian, and this was a detail of war which would seem to belong exclusively to the province of the Ordnauce Bureau. A very good illustration of the manner in which he refused to let it remain there may be given as follows:—

A "Shooting-Match"

Late one afternoon in the summer of 1861, he came into my office, alone.

"They say you are a pretty good marksman," he said. "I want you to be here early to-morrow morning, say at half past six. We'll go out ou the Mall and try some of these guns. I can get a hetter idea by practice with them."

Some talk followed concerning guns in general, and a number of more or less remarkahle shooting irons which were leauing against the wall in his room and miue. The Mall that he indicated was the theu almost unimproved vacant land south of the grounds of the Executive Mansion, extending to the hank of the Potomac. Away out in the middle of it had heen left hy workmen a pile of old lumher about fifteen feet high. This was the very thing to set up a target against.

"STOP THAT FIRING! STOP THAT FIRING!" SHOUTED THE SHORT CORPORAL

I was on hand early the next morniug, and he soon made his appearance, hringing two guns with him, and a lot of cartridges to fit them.

"Well," he said, "you did n't keep me waiting. You take that thing aud I'll take this, and we'll go right along."

"That thing" was an old Springfield rifle barrel, with one of the new inventions adjusted to it at the breech. There the copper cartridges entered a chamher which was returned to its place by a screw-twist, and the parts were by no means perfectly fitted. The gun in Mr. Lincoln's hand was much more elegantly finished, and of ordinary, sporting caliher. As we walked along, he remarked to me:—

"One of our oldest generals says that men enough can he killed with the old smooth-bore musket and the old cartridges, one round hall and three huck-shot."

"They'll hurt if they hit," I said.

"Just so," replied the President; "hut our folks are not getting near enough to the enemy to do any good with them, just now. We've got to get guns that will carry further."

I said something to which he at once responded, laughing:—

"That is n't all. They argue that men with breech-loaders, or rapid-fire guns, will fire away all their ammunition in no time. That would leave them at the mercy of the enemy, and they'd run away, while if they were compelled to wait hetween shots until they could bite off a cartridge and ram a new charge down, they would always have enough left to preserve their confidence."

Other ohjections of a more or less fossilized character were quoted and commented upon, and then the President hecame intensely absorhed and silent. A range of a hundred yards from the lumher pile was measured hy pacing,—he did the pacing,—and the target was an old harrel-head with a visiting-card tacked in the middle.

The practice hegan, and Mr. Lincoln shot fairly well, hut not with Creedmoor accuracy. His rifle was a pretty good one, hut he found positive defects in it as a service weapon, his criticisms applying in like manner to several other patterns with which he had heen made familiar. My own gun, with its loose fixings, kicked my shoulder lame, but all of my hulleteholes were nearer the visiting-card than were his. The fact was that,even at the West, and in his youth, the President had never heen a sportsman. He had had no time for squirrels, or even for deer.

"I declare!" he said, at length; "you are heating me. I'll take a good sight this time."

Down he crouched, holding his rifle across his knee and squinting deliberately along its harrel. Both of us, however, had heen unmindful of the fact that the city of Washington was a garrisoned town. There were stringent army orders forhidding all unauthorized firing within the encircling camplines and fortifications. There were guards and patrols on duty to ensure obedience to all regulations, and there soon came some excited specimens of them.

It was a squad consisting of a short corporal and four privates, and they were coming at the double-quick from Pennsylvania avenue toward the lumher-pile.

Commanding the Commander

"Stop that firing! Stop that firing!" shouted the short corporal, and he added ejaculations of extreme emphasis, full of choice words. Whether or not the President heard, he made no answer.

Crack! went his rifle. The corporal was withiu a few paces of him, reaching out a hand of angry authority to seize the culprit.

"Stop that firing!"

Mr. Liucoln was no longer stooping to shoot. He was rather shooting up to his full height of six feet four, and was looking down, laughingly, into the red face of the short corporal. The four volunteers of the patrol were almost as near, ready for action, hut their countenances aud that of their commander underwent a sudden change. No word of command was given. The whole five, with one accord, wheeled in their tracks and set out upou a clean run for the avenue. Their leader was hehind, decidedly, and from him came hack an anxious declaration that he had very nearly captured the commander-in-chief.

The President laughed heartily, in his silent, peculiar way, and turned toward the White House, remarking: "Well, they might have stayed to see the shooting. That last shot was a good one."

Slowly, steadily, inch by inch, in this as in other things, the patient, great man overcame the ohstacles in his way. Looking back upon his work, we are apt to form a false estimate of the rapidity of its performance. It is hy no means easy to comprehend or appreciate the marvels of consecutive toil and thought which were compressed into each one of the overheated days of the Civil War.

Success,
Dec. 29, 1898

Stoddard, William O.

How Lincoln Chose a Secretary

[William O. Stoddard, in an interview with a representative of SUCCESS MAGAZINE]

WHEN I was editor of a weekly paper in Illinois, in the late fifties, I felt a great interest in a Springfield lawyer and ex-congressman named Abraham Lincoln. I had heard him speak several times. There was something in the man that commanded instant attention, and every time you saw or heard him your respect increased.

Everybody was talking about the coming nomination for the presidency, and one day I dashed off a little editorial suggesting that Mr. Lincoln had had experience at Washington as a representative, was able and fearless, and would be a good man to lead the nation in the crisis that we all could see impending. On reading what I had written, before giving it to the printer, I felt that the idea was such a good one as to be worth circulating beyond the confines of the rather limited clientele of my own paper. I had two hundred and fifty proofs pulled, one of which I sent to each of the papers in Illinois. Many of them printed it when I did, and thus we started the presidential boom of Mr. Lincoln.

During the campaign I supported him with all the strength of my pen and tongue, but had received no recognition from him; and, when I dropped in to see him, at Springfield, to pay my respects after his election, I had no confidence that he would know anything about me. He put out his long arm and gave me a pump-handle shake, exclaiming:—

"I 'm glad to see you, young man. I rather suspect that you are one of my good friends. Is n't it so?" I assured him that it was.

"Why, of course it is," he said, heartily. "I know that, perhaps, better than you guess. How would you like to go to Washington?"

The suddenness of this proposal took my breath away. 'Why, why, I am pretty well satisfied where I am, Mr. Lincoln," I answered, hesitatingly; "but, if I could go on your personal staff, I—"

"Now, that 's a compliment," he interrupted, laughing, "but it happens to be just what I was thinking of. Go home and write me a letter, so that we can get this thing down in bl d white."

I went home and ote the letter, and, in a day or two, received Mr. I. coln's reply appointing me one of his private secre ries. In this offhand way he reshaped my life.

Newspaper Collectors' Gazette
Feb. 1906

ED

WILLIAM O. STODDARD

Central Avenue

Madison, N. J.

Aug. 5th, 1921.

Prof. George P. Hambrecht,

Madison, Wisconsin.

My dear Sir:

In reply to your highly esteemed favor of the 1st inst, evidently I can add little to the volume of Lincoln literature you now have. I will try, however, to respond to your request for an "item". You have, no doubt, my old friend Henry C. Whitney's Life of Lincoln. He has preserved in it, entire, my editorial nomination of Lincoln, in the Central Ill. Gazette, to which I refer you. Now, he makes a grave error in saying that no notice of that point, or any other newspaper comment upon said nomination during months following. He did not see my exchange list. I sent out about 200 extra copies in all directions and the responses told me how ready the West, at least, was for my suggestion.

I did not create nor invent the appreciations, and it was only a bit of Lincoln's fun when he afterwards referred to me as "the man who nominated him".

One result, to me, was a post on his steff and exceedingly hard work at the White House, until a siege of typhoid fever and a relapse unfitted me for so arduous a position.

In any reminiscences of your own, correct Whitney, for Mr. Lincoln's hold upon the people was already strong and many men

were ready to say so.

If this is an idea of any value, please accept.

Yours truly,

(Signed) William O. Stoddard

WILLIAM O. STODDARD
Central Avenue
Madison, N. J.

Aug. 19th, 1921.

Prof. George F. Hambrecht,
Madison, Wis.

My dear Sir:

I have your favor of the 16th with its interesting inclosure. I assure you that I fully appreciate your enthusiasm for Lincoln. Noting your regret concerning autographs, the only original signatures I have been able to retain are on my several commissions. As to further historic suggestions, it may not be among your notes that the change of American army rifles, and so of all the army rifles of the world, from the old Springfield smooth bore pattern to the breech loader, was made by the personal decision of President Lincoln, in opposition to heads of the Ordinance bureau. He made his decision after a faithful hour of practice with patterns of the new guns,- and I was with him because of what he called my reputation as a crack shot. I do not now think of any other interesting point.

Yours truly,

(Signed) William O. Stoddard

Stoddard, ..m Osborn

LIN... ...D EULOGIZES HIM

Ex-Secretary to Emancipator Gives Facts Concerning His Struggles and Firm Stand

1124

MADISON, N. J., Feb. 12.—(By International News Service.)—A story of Abraham Lincoln, the leader of men, not from the standpoint of cold historical facts, but a living, breathing picture by one to whom the martyred President was probably the closest of any now living, with the exception of Robert Lincoln, was told here today in the light of a flickering log fire.

The narrator, William Osborn Stoddard, author of juvenile novels, was the first newspaper editor to champion Lincoln's candidacy for President. It was he who conducted an editorial campaign in Lincoln's behalf in the Central Illinois Gazette, of which he was then editor, and it was he who later served for two years as secretary of "Honest Abe" after his election.

His eyes grew moist and the wistful light of reminiscence played over his features as he recounted the struggles, the opposition, the petty persecution and the misunderstandings with which Lincoln was confronted in the early days of the Presidency. He told of his determination to "carry on" with his emancipation program, of the heartaches caused by his firmness.

"All through the war it was Lincoln who carried the burden," Mr. Stoddard said. "Many a time I've seen him with his Cabinet. He was always the power. None of them could reach to his shoulder. The man in him also towered above them.

"On anniversaries of his birth, when people pay him tribute as an unknown hero, his personality always comes back to me strongly, and I want to tell the coming generation that he was a real man, a real person, who lived and suffered —and won.

"He was the greatest man I ever knew," Mr. Stoddard concluded reverently.

Secretary Describes How Lincoln Faced War

William Osborn Stoddard, 89, Who Served in White House, Says President Carried Burden of Civil Strife.

The man who, with the exception of Robert Lincoln, was probably nearest to the martyred President of any person living to-day, sat before the flickering fire in his home in Madison, N. J., yesterday and narrated ome of the personal incidents which have preserved the humanity as well the greatness of Abraham Lincoln. As he did so the reflected power of hat compelling personality gripped him again.

"All through the war it was Lincoln that carried the burden," he said. "Many a time I've seen him with his Cabinet, but he was always the power. None of them could reach to his shoulder. It was the man that was in him. He was the greatest man I ever knew."

The speaker was William Osborn Stoddard, author of countless juvenile coln, who is the only surviving prinovels and of two books about Linvate secretary to "Honest Abe." The first editorial championing Lincoln for the Presidency was written by Stoddard in the *Central Illinois Gazette,* of which he was then editor. For more than two years, as his secretary, he read practically every letter that came to Lincoln. So it was, as he gazed into the fire, that Mr. Stoddard portrayed the real Lincoln he had known intimately.

"About 8 o'cloc in the morning of April 12 ,1861, I was walting outside his library to see the President," Mr. Stoddard said. "There were crowds outside, but he had given me a key to the White House—I still have it; it's upstairs now—and I went right in. He came out of the living room, walking slowly, his head bowed. I do not remember ever seeing him look so oppressed. I hesitated to speak to him, yet I felt I must. I called him by name, but he seemed not to hear me. He stared straight ahead. I spoke again. A shudder went through his great, gaunt frame.

"I said 'Mr. Lincoln ——' and he turned slightly toward me, but still he stared at me without seeming to recognize me. 'Don't you know me, Mr. President?' I appealed.

"'Yes. What do you want?' he asked, but his voice was dull and lifeless.

"I started to tell him I wanted to be able to enlist when war came, but he did not answer, save for a groan which was wrung from his very soul. But his failure to answer made me impatient; I felt I had to have his permission to go. burst forth, 'We're going to have to ght. We'll have fighting right here! want to go.'

"The words seemed to electrify him, shake himb out of that stupor. His e lightened and his shoulders straight-

"Then why don't you go?" he demanded.

"'But I don't see how I can, Mr. President. Only a few months ago I took an oath to obey your orders. How can I obey yours and leave your service at the same time?'

"'Go!' he commanded simply. I turned to go, thankful that I had his permission to enlist, but before I reached the door he halted me. 'Young man,' he said impressively, 'you won't lose anything by this!' Then he turned to the library and wrote the order which was given out three days later calling for 50,000 volunteers. Even while we were talking Fort Sumter had been fired on, but we did not know it then. All that night before he had been wrestling with himself. He was broken down with the pressure of war or no war. It seemed as if my fit of temper had helped him to decide."

Mr. Stoddard served for three months with the first of Lincoln's volunteers when his health broke down and he returned to Washington where he remained as secretary through the first Lincoln adminlstration. His need of outdoor life caused Lincoln to appoint him United States marshal of Arkansas in 1864 where he served for two years until after the President's assassination.

"One morning after my return from service Lincoln walked into my office with two rifles on his arm," Mr Stoddard continued. 'They say you're a good shot,' he said. 'Come with me!' The President led me out to some marsh lands where a pile of lumber would make a target and we began to shoot.

"He was reclining and firing away when a corporal and four privates, who had heard the racket, came running up. Theré was an ordinance against shooting within city limits and the corporal was cursing at a great rate as he ran toward us. Just as he approached Lincoln stood up and faced him. The corporal's mouth dropped wide open and he was full of apologies.

"After several rounds the President seemed satisfied, as we both were convinced the breechloaders which we had tried were more rapid than the old style. We walked back to the White House and he issued orders to the ordnance department that very day changing rifles from muzzleloaders to breechloaders. He would not decide until he had tested them out himself."

Mr. Stoddard was at one time connected with the dock department of this city and he holds patents for nine inventions. He is 89 years old and graduated from the Universlty of Rochester in the class of 1858.

N Y Herald Feb 12 1924

STODDARD, WM. O.

LINCOLN'S SECRETARY

William O. Stoddard, eighty-nine years old, once the secretary of President Lincoln, as he looks today in his home in Madison, N. J.

1924

William O. Stoddard, as a Reporter in 1859, Started First Boom

By HOWELL CULLINAN

MADISON, N J, Feb 7—How the years fade away, in the wink of an eye, and how real and vivid are historic, majestic scenes when an eyewitness of unusual opportunity reenacts them!

Here, seated before a blazing log, in a room of reminiscent simplicity, crowded with precious mementos with the ink of the White House upon them, is the original booster, now 90, not of Calvin Coolidge, or of McKinley, or even Cleveland, but of Abraham Lincoln himself.

Historians regard William O. Stoddard, still living, reading his morning and afternoon newspaper every day, in his big armchair, as the original Lincoln man.

What a vision is his, remembering his protege from the log cabin—to the Lincoln Memorial facing the Washington Monument!

Four Years His Secretary

It was a newspaperman who first presented Lincoln as of Presidential caliber. Stoddard wrote the first editorial boosting his Illinois neighbor for the highest honor in the gift of the American people. Later Lincoln invited him to the White House to be his secretary, in charge of his personal and private correspondence.

For four years he served in this capacity, in daily contact with Lincoln. From this vantage point he watched the great drama of the Civil War, and he followed with the thoughtful mind and scrutiny of a skillful reporter the actors who now belong to the ages.

Now, as Lincoln's birthday returns again and the whole world pays tribute, with few survivors and not many more witnesses of those great stirring days, what a link this venerable figure in the chair makes, jumping from today, with its flappers and jazz and cross-word puzzles, back through the years!

How long a retrospect, too, from the time when Stoddard first connected the ungainly lawyer with the Presidency, and watched the idea spread, to the era of the World Empire of the United States.

In April, 1859

When Mr Stoddard was asked by the Boston Globe man how he, as a young city chap, who went out into the Middle West country town to run a newspaper for a doctor-publisher, came to be impressed by the backwoodsman, he told a story which goes far back into another century.

"In April, 1859," Mr Stoddard said, a light coming into his keen eyes, "Mr Lincoln was at the Doane House in Champaign, Ill, the 'railway hall' of the county seat, attending to some business at the court. He had been to the Postoffice quite early and had returned to the hotel with a hat full of letters.

"He came in absorbed, gloomy, neither speaking to nor even noticing any one as he entered. He rested his feet on the big stove in the middle of the room and began to open and read his letters."

Mr Stoddard pointed out the movements of Lincoln as he spoke.

"The publisher of my paper was a Seward man," he continued, "and there was a dispute as to the precise political course which we were going to pursue. As I came out from breakfast in the hotel dining-room, my mind was still full of the quarrel about politics.

Glimpse of the Man Within

"My eyes fell on the figure of Lincoln and I suddenly decided to ask his opinion and advice on the political outlook. But something in the dark, strong face arrested me as I saw him in deep reflection and I waited, afraid to disturb him.

"Mr Lincoln tore open a letter of more than ordinary length and began to read. It was closely written in a scrabbed handwriting. But it must have been important. He read it half through, dropped it in his hat and sat there as if looking at something thousands of miles away.

"His heavy features, deeply furrowed with wrinkles and sallow with fatigue and heart strain, seemed flabby and lifeless for a few moments.

"Then, and swiftly, as if the keeper of a lighthouse had kindled the great fire within, the eyes and the whole face began to light up.

"I had never seen anything like that on the face of a living being and I was before to speak. I was really thrilled and spellbound by something of the force of a personality which seemed to break through in that light.

"The greatest man I ever saw," I exclaimed and went to the newspaper office.

Transformed by an Inner Self

"'Doctor,' I shouted to the publisher, 'I've made up my mind who we are going to boom for President.'

"'You don't say,' he replied; 'and who is it?'

"'Abraham Lincoln of Illinois!'

"'What?' he asked, 'Old Abe? Nonsense! Nonsense! But at that we might go for him for Vice President. He'd never do for any more'n that. Seward and Lincoln wouldn't be a bad ticket. But Old Abe for President!'

"I met scoffing on every hand, but I went to Springfield the next day, to gather material for an editorial.

"This editorial was printed in May. I sent out hundreds of copies around the country. They attracted attention, some favorable comment, much ridicule. Then a New York magazine asked for an article, and the rest is history. It was a great popular wave."

"What impressed you most about Lincoln and inspired you to become the first 'Lincoln for President man'?"

"Just that light over his features. He was no longer a tall, gaunt, ungainly man. His outer self was transformed by an inner self. It was that glimpse of a great personality within which seemed to lift the man from his surroundings. Since then I came to know well the expression on his face which I used to describe as 'lighting up like a bonfire.' I came to recognize it better on more momentous occasions."

The Call for Troops

"What are the occasions which impressed you most where you had an unusual opportunity to see the inside?" Mr Stoddard was asked, as the Globe man glanced at the shelf of 60 books which Lincoln's secretary had written, among them, "Inside the White House in War Times" and "Table Talk of Abraham Lincoln."

"There are two scenes which left the greatest impression on my mind. The first was the call for troops. The news of the fall of Sumter reached Washington on Sunday morning, April 14, but it was already known by the President that such news must come, and that its arrival was a question of a few hours only.

"There was a question about the constitutionality of calling for troops. Lincoln himself was, of course, a lawyer. But he was something more than just that. He was a statesman, born, educated and trained for the precise emergency in which he now found himself.

"So complete was Mr Lincoln's moral and mental preparation that the first proclamation calling for troops was written by his own hand, and was on its way over the country by mail before that Sunday was over."

As the Men Marched By

Mr Stoodard handed me a poem which he had composed in his room here, looking out over the pretty New Jersey hills:

THE NEW REGIMENT

From the window where I'm sitting I can watch the hills of snow,
But I seem to see as clearly a picture I saw nearly
One and forty years ago;
It's a photographic memory of the White House portico.

A tide of glittering bayonets is flowing slowly by,
And the day like this is killing, but the Winter air is filling;
It shouts of courage high,
From another regiment of the men who volunteered to die.

Right yonder—there stood Lincoln as they passed him in review,
And on his deeply-wrinkled face was something sprinkled
That was like a drop of dew—
But O! what drops were falling for our gallant boys in blue.

Beyond him, near the pillar, were Nicolay and Hay;
They were standing then, together, and now one has gone forever,
As we all must pass away.
But they're young yet in the picture that was made for me that day.

Bareheaded was the President and bent as if to hear—
Not to watch the bayonets glisten, but with half shut eyes to listen
With a pang of pain or fear
To the rattle of the battles that were then so very near.

The regiment marched onward with a strong and steady tread,
For the spirit that imbued them was like his who had reviewed them
And they knew not that his head
Was bending low already o'er their wounded and their dead.

The armies all marched onward, perhaps a million men,
From year to year still tramping, with fewer at each camping,
And those who loved them then
Will never, save in memory, review their ranks again.

That Winter day the people all bowed at Lincoln's side;
And although the sod's above him they still, as then, may love him,
And may keep as gems of pride
The dewdrops that he knew not of or did not care to hide.

Mr Stoddard paused as if in memory.

of the review which passed the White House at that time, Abraham Lincoln at his side.

Won in the White House

"The other never-to-be forgotten scene was just after the defeat of Chancellorsville," Mr Stoddard continued, and he said it in a tone which recalled to a younger generation the critical days of the World War and then the victory at Chateau Thierry.

"I arrived at the White House following the defeat of the Union forces at the battle of Chancellorsville. A funereal gloom pervaded the mansion. I found Lincoln in his study, slumped in a chair, his head hung. In a nearby room I began to work.

"After a while I heard the President pacing the floor in meditation. As the night wore on, Lincoln continued his vigil. He was still wrapped in his thoughts when I slipped quietly from the White House, long after midnight.

"The next morning when I returned Lincoln was at his desk and before him was an order to his Generals in the field to continue the fighting. The President's face wore again that strange light. The order went out and in July came Gettysburg with its tremendous victory. I believe the victory at the high-water mark of the Civil War was achieved in the quiet study of Lincoln at the White House, and I never forgot the scene."

Mr Stoddard was handed the Emancipation Proclamation by Lincoln and made copies of it for distribution. The original, he said, was given to a Chicago Christian association and was destroyed in the great fire.

Indifferent to Abuse

Mr Stoddard was reminded of the statement of Ex-Vice President Marshall, during the recent campaign, that the latter did not care to comment on the bitter personal attack on President Coolidge for accepting the Bridgeport veterans' honorarium for a patriotic address, because he had "seen enough personal abuse of Presidents during the Wilson Administration.

"A notable characteristic of Lincoln's, which does not seem to have been discussed, was his absolute indifference to oral or printed abuse of a personal nature. During my years in the White House I was in absolute charge of all letters or printed matter coming through the mails to him and Mrs Lincoln.

"The torrent of abusive matter, much of it grossly obscene, was continuous. Insanity, partisan hate, malicious venom seemed to be doing their worst.

"Few people appreciate the number of abusive letters which Americans throw at their President," Mr Stoddard said, sadly. "There is no sameness in the size of the White House mail. Some days there were no less than 200 separate lots, large and small. Some days there were over 300. Every envelope was opened and its contents examined.

"Not all the letters were read. There was a waste basket on each side of the desk. A good half belonged in them. The other half called for more or less respectful treatment, but generally for judicious distribution among the departments, with or without favorable remarks indorsed upon it.

Letters to the President

"The letters to Lincoln told stories of partisan bitterness and personal hatred; of the most venomous malice. They sought to shoot with poisoned arrows of abuse, of low slanderous meanness of the coarsest, foulest vulgarity to which beatly men can sink. What devils there are! It seems that when a man goes clean crazy he at once sits down and pens a letter to the President.

"A close-lined, four-page letter, written in red, which professed to be blood, came every day, and was always signed, 'the Angel Gabriel.'

"Here was a long and remarkably well-written letter, seemingly wise, about policy. It is calm, sane and dignified, but it is signed by 'George Washington,' and others, as perfectly as if an expert forger had copied their names.

"Here was a throng of writers who are ready to offer advice on the management of the war. It was remarkable how they could swing troops back and forth about the country. There was no end of mere fault finding, nor to the plans of campaigns and of proposed improvements. There was all the while a host of letters which gave a curious presentation of the fact that the average American knows almost nothing about the machinery of the national Government.

"The assassination idea had taken possession of so many minds that not many days went by without some kind of threat or warning.

WILLIAM L. STODDARD

Secretary to Lincoln, in his study, now living in New Jersey, where he told a Globe reporter his story of discovering Lincoln.

"Lincoln's wife was venomously accused of being at heart a traitor and of being in communication with the Confederate authorities," to whom, it was said, she sent information as to the plans of the Union Generals, as these were minutely confided to her by Mr Lincoln. The insane, the depraved and the fiendish have by no means restricted themselves to the President in their infamous penmanship."

Mr Stoddard thought of President Wilson as he spoke. The men were in some ways alike, he said. They had the "same spirituality." It was reflected in the daily life of Lincoln, Mr Stoddard said, and he referred to the familiarity of the Great Emancipator with the Scriptures, which he frequently quoted. Mr Wilson got his spirituality from his father, Mr Stoddard added, in the parsonage of a Presbyterian minister. In their inner life the men were very much alike, he thought.

Mr Stoddard took the Globe man back to the timeof Lincoln in more realistic way than by telling stories. In his long years of study Mr Stoddard had acquired much of the Lincolnian spirit and repeated familiar anecdotes very much after the fashion of Abe at the cracker barrel.

The scene of Mr Stoddard before his fireplace recalled the story of "The Great Stone Face," in which the men who had so long looked upon that majestic figure came soon to look like the original himself. And it was unconscious.

Most Precious Memento

Around the room were many precious mementos which recalled Lincoln. Mr Stoddard has on his mantel a key to the White House, probably one of the very few in the possesion of anybody today. Mr Lincoln had ordered some keys made and Mr Stoddard kept the original in his desk.

There are also documents of various kinds signed by Lincoln. The most historic and valuable, of course, have already been given to societies or museums, but Mr Stoddard has kept the purely personal ones, some of them autographed.

As the Globe man passed around the room and returned to a chair at the fireside as the sun was setting over snow-covered hills, he asked.

"What do you regard as your most precious memento, Mr Stoddard?"

"The spirit of the man. You felt it when you came into contact with him and it remained with you as a wonderful memory. Abraham Lincoln was indeed a remarkable man."

Served as Private

William O. Stoddard was graduated from the University of Rochester. He went to Chicago and joined the staff of the Chicago Daily Ledger. But in the Spring of 1858 he became part owner of the Central Illinois Gazette, published at Champaign, Ill.

It was here that Mr Stoddard met Abraham Lincoln and conceived so great an admiration for him that in April, 1859, he wrote the two-column editorial in the Gazette urging the nomination of Lincoln for President.

He went to Washington as Lincoln's secretary. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Mr Stoddard obtained the President's permission to serve three months with the Army and was enrolled as a private of volun. ers, after which he returned to the White House.

Mr Stoddard remained with the President until Sept 24, 1864, when he was appointed United States Marshal of Arkansas. Near the close of 1865 he was forced to resign because of ill health and upon the recommendation of his physician returned North, making his home in New York.

Author of 100 Volumes

He engaged in business in Wall st and became connected with a number of railway, telegraphic and manufacturing enterprises. From 1871 to 1873 he held positions with the New York City Government.

During these years Mr Stoddard continued his interest in writing and for several years was a member of the staff of the New York Examiner. His first published work, which attracted considerable attention, was an illustrated satire of Tammany Hall in 1869. He continued to write until his published volumes totaled more than 100.

Among the historical works of Mr Stoddard were "Lives of the Presidents" (1888-9) 10 volumes; "Life of Abraham Lincoln," (1884); "The White House in War Time" (1890); "Table Talk of Lincoln" (1892); "Lincoln at Work" (1899); "The Boy Lincoln" (1905).

Stoddard was born at Homer, N Y, Sept 24, 1835, the son of Prentice S. Sarah Osborn Stoddard. Both par- were of New England ancestry. r years after being graduated from University of Rochester he received honorary degree of master of arts. 1873 he married Susan E. Cooper of York, who died several years ago.

Lincoln's Secretary Talks of His Chief

Says the Great Emancipator Was Governed By His Inner Life Which But Few People Saw

By DIRK P. DE YOUNG

Detroit Sunday 2-6-25

SHORTLY after his election to the Presidency, in 1860, Abraham Lincoln asked William O. Stoddard, now a ninety-year-old patriarch of Madison, New rsey, what he might be able to do for him. Mr. Stodrd, then the young editor of the Illinois Central *zette*, at Champaign, Illinois, replied that he was well ted and wanted nothing. Lincoln urged the young an, however, and he finally replied:

"Nothing can tempt me to go to Washington unless be a place on your staff."

"Put that in writing," was the Great Emancipator's nick response, and the man who is still living, with his ind as clear as a bell, became the secretary to the resident who freed the slaves and saved the Union.

Regarding Abraham Lincoln himself, the years have ot faded out the favorable impression which this secre- ry received of his chief. On the contrary, the image of ie man in perspective is much greater to Mr. Stoddard ian the form of the Emancipator in the flesh. It was ie "Inner Lincoln" which he knew, the spiritual side of ie great President, the periods when he saw him wrest- ng with himself and with his God, for a solution of the roblems which beset the path of the nation, instead f the "Outer Lincoln" with his dry humor and his public front." Lincoln's unusual sense of humor, this ving secretary of his says, merely balanced the unusual epth of his pathos.

Lincoln's feeling of gratitude toward Mr. Stoddard rose from the following editorial, which appeared in he Illinois Central *Gazette* in 1859, reprinted in more han 200 newspapers throughout the United States hortly after, originating The Rail-splitter's presidential oom:

"OUR NEXT PRESIDENT: We had the pleasure of introducing to the hospitalities of our Sanctum, a ew days ago, the Hon. Abraham Lincoln. Few men an make an hour pass away more agreeably. We do ot pretend to know whether Mr. Lincoln will ever con- lescend to occupy the White House or not, but if he hould, it is a comfort to know that he has established imself for a character and reputation of sufficient strength and purity to withstand the disreputable and corrupting influences of even that locality. No man in the West at the present time occupies a more en- viable position before the people or stands a better chance for obtain- ing a high position among those to whose guidance our ship of state is to be intrusted."

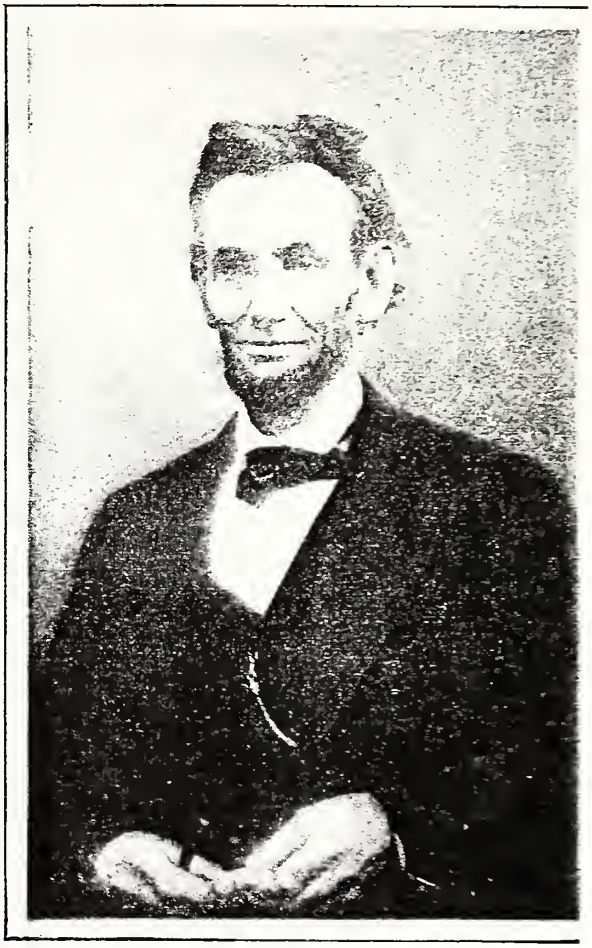
Mr. Stoddard was born at Homer, Cortland County, New York, in the year 1835. At the Syracuse Academy he studied un- der Professor Hoyt, where with him a remarkable group of boys was gathered—boys who later be- came lawyers, judges, generals, ministers, authors and successful men of business, the most noted of them all the late Andrew D. White, educator and diplomat, who was a warm personal friend of Mr. Stoddard to the end of his life. From his school work he drifted out to the great West in the late fifties, following a jour- nalistic career. For a time he was editor of the Chicago *Ledger*. Then followed the Panic of 1857 which swept away the *Ledger*. Mr. Stoddard then took up four hundred acres of prairie land in Champaign County, Illinois. The romance of frontier life captivated him, during which period he en- countered the perils of being nearly frozen to death, burned by prairie fire, poisoned by rattle- snakes and swallowed by quick- sand.

After those experiences he be- came the managing editor of the Illinois Central *Gazette* at Cham- paign, which was at the time of the birth of the Republican party. Abraham Lincoln, then ex-Con- gressman from Illinois, and a lead- ing lawyer of Champaign County, was attracted by the editorials and called to see the editor. That was sixty-five years ago. But Mr. Stod- dard, who occupied an armchair by the window in his son's home in the Oranges, when I called to see him, looking out over the trees with their falling leaves on that sunny October morning, recalled the incident as clearly as if it had happened only yesterday.

"We ran the newspaper on the upper floor of a building," this in- teresting old gentleman, who had actually lived a great history him- self, began. "I had a physician as a partner and he occupied the first floor as his office. We had a good newspaper, with the largest circulation of any journal in that part of the state, but we operated the printshop on a small scale.

"One day I was engaged in the pressroom, pretty well besmeared with ink. In came my partner, who had just been rolling pills downstairs, to tell me that Abra- ham Lincoln wanted to see me. I told the doctor that I would not roll down my sleeves to go to see him, but would compromise by washing my hands and meeting him as I was to discuss the organization of the Repub- lican party.

"It was not the first time I had seen Lincoln, of course. But it was the first time I had met him to talk to him. I went over to the old hotel across the street from our office, where he stopped. When I walked into the room with its old-fashioned bar at one end and a big roaring stove at the other, Lincoln sat there in a battered armchair. Off came his tremendous hat, which was filled with letters that he proceeded to read. Coming to one written by Solomon P. Chase, his face lighted up as if from an internal fire.



One of the best of the Lincoln portraits. Print from an old glass plate taken by Alexander Gardner at Washington the day of Lee's surrender.

"I have always been a close student of men. I carefully observed Lincoln that day. Thus when I went back to my partner, who was still busy rolling pills, I told him I had made up my mind who was going to be the next President of the United States. I then wrote the editorial in question which immediately caused a storm of comment. Answers came to it from all over the country. Hundreds of extra copies of it were struck off, and Lincoln was in due course elected President."

About December 1, 1860, Mr. Lincoln directed Mr. Stoddard to wind up his affairs in Illinois and go to Washington to await his arrival. He was then twenty-five years of age. Directly after the President's inauguration, he was appointed secretary to sign land patents. The Executive Office was then not so well organized, of course, as it is today, three young men, under different appointments, actually performing the secretarial duties of Mr. Lincoln.

The clerical duties of the White House before 1860 were comparatively few, and there was no existing law under which the force could be increased. The President of the United States was then allowed but one "private secretary" as such, on a very modest salary. Thus to the office of "private secretary" he appointed John G. Nicolay, who had already served him in that capacity. Needing more help, John Hay was made a second secretary, by appointing him a clerk in a department, "assigned to duty" at the White House, a custom which is still in vogue in Washington.

A little later, Mr. Stoddard, who had already been appointed the President's secretary to sign land patents made the third of the Great Emancipator's confidential assistants during the Civil War period. And he is the only one of the three now living, a trio of secretaries which comprised the entire White House force during the earlier and stormier days of the Lincoln Administration. Mr. Stoddard says that these young men became intimate friends and saw Lincoln as few others ever saw him during the periods of storm and stress, when the nation's life, with the tall figure of the immortal President constantly bending over its sick-bed, hung depressingly in the balance.

In the early months of the year 1861, as the war cloud darkened, a company of Rifles was formed for the home protection of Washington, which lay almost helpless between two seemingly disloyal states —Virginia and Maryland. Mr. Stoddard was the first to join Company A of the Rifles, with Lincoln's permission—the first company organized for the Civil War. That company did gallant duty under Major Smead, bearing the brunt of the defense of Washington until the arrival of the New York Seventh Regiment and the Massachusetts Sixth. During the three months' duty they guarded the Potomac bridge and captured the first vessel in the war, the *St. Nicholas,* a steamer from Alexandria full of Secessionists. After the three months' service he returned to his desk at the White House and took charge of the President's mail which was voluminous. He also attended Mrs. Lincoln's correspondence, saving both of them, he says, from a flood of vituperation from a misunderstanding country. Mr. Stoddard's office was the room in the northeast corner of the White House on the second floor. The latchkey, with which for many years he opened the front door of the White House, he retained as a relic.

"In handling the White House mail," this interesting man of four-

(Concluded on page 15)

Wide World Photo.

Our photo shows William O. Stoddard, 89 years old, once the secretary of President Lincoln, as he looked while he was at ease in his home in Madison, New Jersey. Mr. Stoddard, despite his age, takes an active interest in present-day politics and has been quoted to the effect that "The late President Wilson had much the same spiritual life as Lincoln, making him capable of great things." Mr. Stoddard wrote the first editorial upon the nomination of Lincoln which appeared in the Illinois Central *Gazette,* May, 1859. Mr. Stoddard was Secretary to Lincoln from 1861 to 1864. Inset— A photo of William O. Stoddard, at the time he was secretary to Lincoln.

score and ten recounted the incidents of the exciting Civil War days stored away in his splendid memory, "I read every letter that went to the President or Mrs. Lincoln. I am still happy when I remember it was I who kept most of those letters from their eyes. Many of them were fanatical, abusive, directed not only to the President but to the First Lady of the Land as well. I never let either of them see those abusive ones.

"The office-seekers were our second greatest pest," continued Mr. Stoddard, referring to a presidential liability which still prevails under our party system of government. "The Executive Mansion was a curious study during many days and weeks following the inauguration. Its halls and offices were literally packed with human beings. There were days when the throng of eager applicants filled the broad staircase to its lower steps; the corridors of the first floor; the famous East Room; the private parlors; while anxious groups and individuals paraded up and down the outer porch, the walks, and the avenue. We could dispose of abusive letters by throwing them in the wastebasket, but those persistent applicants for jobs, who took up entirely too much of our time and by various strategems sometimes got by us to the President himself, could not be got rid of in that way."

A charming picture of Mrs. Lincoln hangs in the Stoddard home, given to him by Mrs. Lincoln herself. "Sometimes they joked and called me 'Mrs. Lincoln's secretary,'" Mr. Stoddard chuckled, "while at other times they called me 'Lincoln's devil!'

"Mrs. Lincoln," he added, "was one of the most intelligent of women. I shall never forget my acquaintance with her."

Mr. Stoddard continues:

"There was something phenomenal in the way Lincoln could arise to the occasion. Outwardly he would often appear indifferent, vacillating, or floundering in indecision, but when the real crisis came his whole face would light up as from a fire, while his whole body, driven by the force of a sudden spiritual urge, would straighten up from its gaunt awkwardness ready to execute the dictates of his unconquerable will. I have seen him undergo almost complete transformations, at various times, from an attitude of apparent calm and indecision to one of spiritual storm and electrical performance. The whole personal appearance of Lincoln changed, when the 'inner man' was called out for some great reason.

"The crowd only saw Lincoln from the outside, with his jokes, with his speeches, with his settled plans, but I saw him struggling for decisions, searching himself, analyzing his problems, praying for guidance, like Jacob wrestled with the Angel, when suddenly, as one inspired, he would find a solution and his whole being seemed to concentrate on the way out, while his face illuminated from the fire of his soul.

"Abraham Lincoln was a calm man with a fire inside of him. He had a temper, too, but he had it well under control as a rule. I recall one time particularly when he was getting very impatient about the readiness of an offensive campaign. He was alone in his room when an officer of General McClellan's staff was announced by the doorkeeper and admitted. The President turned in his chair to hear, and was informed, in respectful terms, that the advance movement could not be made.

"'Why?' he curtly demanded.

"'The pontoon trains are not ready—'

"'Why in ——— ain't they ready?'

Stoddard, William O. Jr.

Lincoln's Secretary Confined to His Bed

MADISON, N. J., Feb. 12.—William O. Stoddard, the only surviving secretary of Lincoln, was confined to his bed at his home here to-day, and unable to give any interview. His son, William O. Stoddard, Jr., said that Mr. Stoddard, who is in his ninetieth year, is infirm. He was a secretary to President Lincoln from 1861 to 1864. Before that he had nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President, in the Central Illinois *Gazette*, in May, 1859.

Since the civil war Mr. Stoddard has been a journalist, author of many books for boys, and an inventor, holding nine patents.

His son is also well known as an author and inventor, and is vice-presidet of the Duratex Company of Newark, of which he was founder.

N. Y. Sun 2/12/25

Stoddard, William O.

Secretary to Lincoln, 90, Confined to Room

Madison, N. J., Feb. 12.—William O. Stoddard, private secretary to Abraham Lincoln during the latter's tenure as President, passed the anniversary of Lincoln's birth confined to his room at the home of his son, Ralph J. Stoddard.

Although Mr. Stoddard is 90 years of age and feeble, his mind is active. He reads continually and keeps well informed. He recalled seeing the great emancipator pacing the floor in intense concentration and described the battles Lincoln had with some of his cabinet members.

Wash. Post 2/13/25

Stoddard, William O. Jr.

WAS LINCOLN'S SECRETARY.

2/13/25

William O. Stoddard, 90, Only Man Living Who Held That Position.

MADISON, N. J., Feb. 12.—William O. Stoddard, the only surviving Secretary of Lincoln, was confined to his bed at his home here today and unable to give an interview. Mr. Stoddard, who is in his ninetieth year, was Secretary to President Lincoln from 1861 to 1864. Before that he had written the first editorial on the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President in The Central Illinois Gazette, in May, 1859.

Since the Civil War he has been a journalist, author of many books for boys and an inventor. N.Y. Times

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.
Editorial and General Offices: 8 ARLINGTON ST., BOSTON 17, MASS.

Published monthly. Entered at Post Offices, Concord, N. H., and Ottawa, Canada, as second-class matter

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40 cents a copy *Foreign Postage $1.00, Canadian Postage 50 cents, additional* $4.00 a year

question, and the only thing we can do is try to keep him sitting quiet. A mean job, as the least thing will bring him hobbling out, and away goes a day's gain. His nerves, and hence his temper, are absolutely shot, and he is fearfully hard to get along with, but so pathetic in his misery that one's heart aches for him. Sitting still and doing nothing is not his headline act. I racked my brain to think up something for him to do, and at last set him to cutting out colored prints and pasting them on cardboards for the cabin walls. Old Daddy admired the results immensely and suggested that we paper the cabin completely with them. 'People will come to see you,' he said, 'and it will take all their time to look at the pictures.'

Having kidded my poor cripple into keeping quiet all day, I proceeded to step on his foot. Half-blind with weariness, I missed my step and banged him. After he had come to I went out on the raft and indulged in Grade-A hysterics. These are the silent kind. Your body writhes and your feet and hands twist together and you cry — great, blubbering, swollen tears.

'Dear God,' I begged the stars, 'do something for us!'

(To be continued)

(Reminiscences)

FACE TO FACE WITH LINCOLN

BY HIS SECRETARY, WILLIAM O. STODDARD

EDITED BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, JR.

AFTER I secured a good boarding-house I went to my desk at the Department of the Interior. A large pile of patents had accumulated and I began to sign the President's name at the rate of about nine hundred times per diem. Shortly I received orders to transfer myself to the correspondence desk in the northeast room of the White House. At first I had to make visits to my old office to sign patents, but that was ended by an order to have them all sent up to the White House, for my presence there was needed hourly.

I

The business of Private Secretary, per se, was pretty well absorbed by Nicolay and Hay, but there were odd days when I had to go over and take Nicolay's place in the opposite room. That gave me more than a little instruction. Among other things, I learned that the House and Senate did not recognize any individual, but knew the Private Secretary only by the practical fact of his bringing a message from the President. It was therefore an important day for me when I proudly appeared at the doors of the Houses and was led in to be loudly announced to the Vice-President and the Speaker as 'The President's Private Secretary with a Message.' From that hour onward, by rule, I was free of the floor of both Houses.

I doubt if there was any spot in the United States in those days, outside of a battlefield, that was more continually interesting than was the correspondence desk of the Executive Mansion. I took pains, at one time, to strike an average of the number of daily arrivals, other than newspapers, and was surprised to find that it was not far from two hundred and fifty. These were of every imaginable character, with quite a number that could not be reasonably imagined. The newspapers themselves were interesting. The majority of them contained marked columns, — editorials or letters, — abusive, complimentary, or advisory, which the authors fondly hoped might reach the eyes of the President. They did not do so. At one time he ordered me to make a daily digest of the course and comments of the leading journals, East and West, and I made one. It was wasted work and was discontinued, for Mr. Lincoln never found time to spend an hour upon those laborious condensations.

The letters were a study. Large packages of documents were all the while coming, relating to business before one or another of the departments. Some were in law cases. Some were in relation to claims. In any event, it was my duty to know where they properly belonged and to endorse them with the necessary reference from the President, favorable or otherwise. There was a river of documents relating to appointments to office and these too were referred to the President, except such as belonged in my custody. The larger number of the epistles belonged in one or another of the two tall wastebaskets which sat on either side of me, and their deposits were as rapid as my decisions could be made. It had to be swift work. It did seem to me as if the foulest blackguards on earth had made up their minds that they could abuse the President through the mails and they tried to do so. Added to these were the lunatics.

One day I and my paper-cutter and my wastebaskets were hard at work when in came a portly, dignified, elderly man who sat down near me while waiting for an audience with Mr. Lincoln. He appeared to be some kind of distinguished person, perhaps a governor or something of that sort, and he watched me with an interest which evidently grew upon him. He became uneasy in his chair; he waxed red in the face. At last he broke out with: —

'Is that the way you treat the President's mail? Mr. Lincoln does not know this! What would the people of the United States think, if they knew that their communications to their Chief Magistrate were dealt with in this shameful manner? Thrown into the wastebasket! What does Lincoln mean? Putting such a responsibility into the hands of a mere boy! A boy!'

I had been all the while watching him as he fired up. Now there had been an uncommonly dirty mail that morning and I had put aside as I opened them a number of the vile scrawls. My critic had risen from his chair and was pacing up and down the room in hot indignation when I quietly turned and offered him a handful of the selected letters.

'Please read those, sir,' I said, 'and give me your opinion of them. I may be right about them. Do you really think that the President of the United States ought to turn from the affairs of the nation to put in his time on that sort of thing?'

He took the awful handful and began to read, and his red face grew redder. Then it was white with speechless wrath. Perhaps he had never before perused anything quite so devilish in all his life.

'You are quite right, sir,' he gasped, as he sank into his chair again. 'Young

man, you are right! He ought not to see a line of that stuff! Burn it, sir! Burn it! What devils there are!'

But he was correct about the responsibility, for it was a big one for any fellow, old or young. It included many of the applications for pardons and all of these were at one time in my keeping. I remember some of them and what became of them. There were those who grumbled at Mr. Lincoln's strong objection to any kind of capital punishment and his tendencies toward mercy for all sinners. I may have been one of these. There came, one day, a pile of influential petitions on behalf of a southwestern guerrilla. He was unquestionably a red-handed murderer, but the movement in his favor was a strong one. It included even loyal politicians, and next day a gang of big men of several kinds came up to see the President about it. They spoke of the high character of the papers in the case and these were sent for, but they were not in my possession. They may have been duly referred and transferred to the War Office, as was sometimes the custom. Inquiry was made there, but the papers could not be found. The delegation went its way and that application for pardon was hung up. So was the guerrilla who was the most interested person in the case; hardly had that fact been telegraphed before all the missing papers arrived at the White House. I think Mr. Lincoln did no more than look sidewise at me and I am sure he made no verbal commentary.

Nor have I forgotten the almost daily communications from 'The Angel Gabriel,' who professed to write in blood that appeared to me more like an inferior variety of cheap red ink. Besides, the angel mixed his inspiration terrifically and some of his work would have read well in *Puck*. One day there came a really curious paper which afterward perished with my collection of autographs in Arkansas. It purported to come from the spirits of a score or more of the old worthies of the Republic and it was certainly a strong and dignified document of advice and encouragement which would not have disgraced any of them. It was signed with the signatures of George Washington, John Hancock, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and others, as perfectly as the most expert forger could have done it if he had traced the names over the printed copy of the Declaration of Independence. It was a queer thing and so were all the letters from simple people who wished that the President would kindly step around among the several departments and attend to their business for them. Even inventors asked him to see about their patents and hurry them up.

II

Naturally, one of the important problems before the Administration was the procuring of guns and ammunition for the armies it was gathering. With the general perplexities of the War Department I had nothing to do, but a part of them speedily drifted into my northeast room. Every proposed vender of condemned European firelocks was possessed by the idea that he might make a sale of them if he could induce the President to overrule the decisions of the Bureau of Ordnance. In each case of that kind, I was likely to have a specimen gun deposited in the corner. At the same time there came to the front a large number of inventors, and some of them had practical ideas and some had not.

At the first, however, I had an opportunity for studying quite a number of out-and-out cranks. I remember in particular one enthusiast who had invented a curious kind of far-shooting rifle the weight of which required it to

be mounted upon a spider wheel as high as your shoulder. Oh, how that genius did abuse the President for his inability to appreciate the spider-wheel gun and for his general bad management of the war!

Then there came other curiosities, one after another, until my room looked like a gunshop. On my table at one time were specimens of steel cuirasses, designed for the loading-down of our volunteers on forced marches in hot weather. Another item was a devilish kind of hand grenade, made to burst on striking and to scatter bits of iron in all directions. Swords were on hand in several patterns and so were various descriptions of cannon. Mr. Lincoln was really deeply interested in the gunnery business and had ideas of his own far in advance of some which were entertained by a few venerable gentlemen in the War Department.

'Stoddard,' he said one evening, 'they say you are a pretty good marksman. I want you to be here early tomorrow morning; say half-past six. We 'll go out to the Mall and try some of these guns.'

The Mall is the wide grassy slope from the White House grounds to the Potomac and at that time it was badly littered with rubbish. Out in the middle of it was a huge pile of old building lumber. This was just the thing to set up a target on. I was at my room good and early and I did not have to wait long before in came the President.

'Well,' he remarked, 'you did n't keep me waiting. Now you take that thing and I 'll take this and we 'll go right along.'

The weapon assigned to me was a breechloader made over from an old Springfield smoothbore musket. The new arrangement was a kind of screw twist and was fitted somewhat loosely. It carried the old cartridges, of which he brought a supply. His own gun was a well-made affair, resembling the Spencer carbine.

A hundred yards were paced off and a target was set against the lumber. We took turns in firing and I soon discovered two things. One was that the old Springfield barrel carried first-rate and the other was that Mr. Lincoln was anything but a crack shot.

But there was trouble on the way. Washington was then little better than a fortified camp, and stringent military orders were out, forbidding all kinds of firing within the city or camp limits. There were guards set everywhere and one had been posted on the avenue at the entrance to the Mall. It consisted of a very short corporal and four men and it was now coming after us at a double-quick — and swearing. The guard came within talking range just before the piece went off.

'Stop that firing! Stop that firing!' shouted the corporal. But at that moment the gun went off.

The corporal was within a few paces when the President slowly uncoiled himself and rose to his feet. He looked like a very tall man and he may have looked even taller to the angry little warrior who put out a hand to take the culprit in charge. The other soldiers were first in catching the joke, as Mr. Lincoln looked smilingly down into the face of the corporal. It was ''bout face' in a twinkling and they set out toward the avenue at a better pace than that at which they had come. I only heard, as they went, some confused ejaculations, 'We 've been cussin' Old Abe himself!'

He was laughing in his half-silent, peculiar way.

'Well, Stoddard,' he said, 'they might have stayed to see the shooting.'

The fact that Mr. Lincoln was a total-abstinence man was well known in Illinois, but not so well elsewhere. Of that fact I received a somewhat

peculiar illustration. Very naturally it was understood all over the country that the Executive Mansion was a place of necessarily expensive hospitality. It may have been with this idea in their heads that several of his admirers in New York clubbed together to send him a fine assortment of wines and liquors without letting him know precisely from whom it came. It was an altogether unexpected kind of elephant and Mrs. Lincoln at once sent for me in a good deal of a quandary as to what she was to do. I went down to look at it, but all I could discover was that the assortment was miscellaneously generous.

'But, Mr. Stoddard,' said Mrs. Lincoln in evident dismay, 'what is to be done? Mr. Lincoln never touches any and I never use any. Here it all is, and these gentlemen — what is to be said to them?'

I had to laugh at her discomfiture, but advised that the only course I could see was to acknowledge the gift in due form to the only address that was provided. As for the wines and liquors, she had better send them to her favorite hospitals and let the nurses and doctors take the responsibility of their future.

'That's what I'll do!' she exclaimed, and that was the end of it, for she was positive that her husband would not allow it to remain in his own house.

III

There came an evening, a dark one, not long before the army was called upon to march up the river to Antietam Creek and meet the invading force under General Lee, when a fine opportunity was given me for understanding the real nature of the truce between the civil and the military powers of the country. I was sitting at my desk. The hall door was open and I was so absorbed in some epistle or other that I heard no sound of anyone coming in to interrupt me until a low voice at my shoulder said to me: —

'Leave that and come with me. I am going over to McClellan's house.' I arose at once, but did so without any reply whatever, for there was something in Mr. Lincoln's voice and manner that seemed to forbid any remarks on my part. He was arrayed in a black frock uniform. Down we went and out, and the distance to be traveled was not long. He did not utter one word nor did I, for I was strongly impressed with the fact that there was something on his mind. All the while a kind of rebellious feeling was growing within me, for I inwardly growled because the President ought to have sent for his subordinate, commanding him to come, instead of going to call upon him.

The house was reached and we were shown into a well-furnished front parlor with the usual fireplace and mantel and a centre table. I went over to the right and sat down in a chair, but the President took a seat in the middle of the room. He was calm, steady, even smiling, but in half a minute there was no room there at all. Only Abraham Lincoln, filling the place brim full. Our names had been carried upstairs, I knew, but long minutes went by and I felt the hot blood surging into my cheeks, hotter and hotter with every moment of what seemed to me a disrespectful waiting-time. Not so the great man over there beyond the table, for he was as cool and solid as ice. Then — for the hall door was open — a kind of jingle, and slow, descending footsteps were heard from the stairs. It was the great general himself, in full uniform, followed by his chief of staff, General Marcy, and an army colonel. In dress uniform with their swords they were a brilliant trio. General McClellan may have thought that he had come downstairs to receive the President formally and impressively, but he was

altogether mistaken. He entered that parlor to be received there, very kindly, by President Abraham Lincoln, who somehow had taken possession and was the only man in the room.

The conference began almost immediately, for a kind of report of the situation and of plans was plainly called for. It was given, in a masterly way, by McClellan. He was a man of nerve strength, and I admired him as he went on into what was made more and more evidently a grand wrestling-match, with the control of the armies for the prize. Also the future control of the political situation or field and the next Presidency of the United States. That important point was really settled before the match was over — for it was a long one. Lincoln listened well and he said little, at first. Then, a word at a time, he began to open, expanding visibly as he went on, and the match became intensely interesting. Grapple after grapple, tug, strain — down you go! Perfect accord, perfect good will, perfect good manners, not a trace of excitement on either side. There was, in fact, a mutual yielding of many points under discussion, but at the end of it they had all been surrendered by General McClellan, with the courteous assistance of that handsome and capable chief of staff, General Marcy. Silence was my stronghold, and I held it tenaciously. A close came, and Mr. Lincoln and I were ceremoniously shown to the door. The parlor we left behind us was still, to my mind, full of Mr. Lincoln, although he had walked out. Never before had I so fully appreciated the human will in its greatest power.

Not many days afterward, General McClellan led his forces up the valley to the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. Both were reported as victories and General Lee was driven back into Virginia, but there was believed to be a fault, somewhere, in the very fact that he was permitted to get away. However that may be, the echoes of our first really great victory in a contested field were still reverberating over the country and finding their sonorous way back to Washington when, one afternoon, as I sat at my table, John Hay came hastily in with a sheet of foolscap paper in his hand and a flush on his face.

'Stod,' he said, 'the President wants you to make two copies of this right away. I must go back to him — '

I took the paper and some fresh sheets and went at it, mechanically, in the ordinary course of business. Then, as I went on from sentence to sentence, word for word, I wrote more slowly and with a queer kind of tremor. I was copying from Abraham Lincoln's own draft of the first Emancipation Proclamation. The copies went back to him, care of John Hay, and the original remained in my drawer, until one day John came for it to send it to Chicago for use at the great patriotic Fair there, where it was subsequently burned up in the great fire.

IV

I was sitting at my work one evening when the door opened and Mr. Lincoln came in. 'I reckoned I 'd find you here. I am going to the theatre to see Hackett play Falstaff, and I want you to come with me. I 've always wanted to see him in that character. Come to my room. It 's about time to go.'

I was already in evening dress. We went over into his office and I believed that he was all the while trying to put away from him his load of thoughts. If he had landed his cares upon the Cabinet table they would have been stacked ten feet high. I do not now remember anything else that took place until we were seated in the Executive

box at the theatre. There were some persons, even then, who criticized the President severely for his heartlessness in ever going to a theatre or listening to music at a time when the affairs of the nation required his devotion. They were represented at Ford's that night in a peculiar and offensive manner which would have given them complete satisfaction. The house was crowded and there were many soldiers in uniform who had obtained furloughs for an evening's relief from the dull monotony of camp life.

Hackett had not yet made his appearance when there came a brief and unexpected experience. One of the President's critics had a seat back toward the entrance. He arose upon his feet, and shouted out: —

'There he is! That 's all he cares for his poor soldiers!' And other words were added which I cannot now recall.

The President did not move a muscle, but a soldier instantly sprang up, declaring vociferously: —

'De President haf a right to his music! Put out dot feller! De President ees all right! Let him haf his music!'

There was a confused racket for a few seconds and then the luckless critic went out of the theatre, borne upon the strong arms of several others in uniform who agreed with their German comrade.

V

'Stanton says this is the darkest day of the war. It seems as if the bottom had dropped out,' John Hay called into my room one eventful day.

The Army of the Potomac, after its weary history on the Peninsula, had been reënforced and put under the command of 'Fighting Joe' Hooker. It is of no use here to put in any mention of the difficulties and jealousies, or even of the military errors, which were said to have interfered with the efficiency of that magnificent army. It is enough to say that it fought the battle of Chancellorsville splendidly, heroically, and that it was defeated, as many a gallant army has been. The losses on either side were severe. I recall those of the Confederates at about twelve thousand, 'killed and wounded,' and those of our army at about seventeen thousand, 'killed, wounded, and prisoners.' The figures were appalling. That was an awful day in Washington. In the minds of all were the protests and the mourning which would quickly come down from the North for this one more lost battle and for its dead. I remember that upon my table, that very day, lay a perfect mass of letters, from friends and foes, telling the discontent, the anger, the despondency, of the American people, and I had not wished to tell the President one word of their contents. The whole city seemed dead, that day. Men and women went hither and thither as usual, but there were no crowds lingering around the telegraph bulletins. Men came and looked at them and shook their heads and walked away. At the White House it was as still as the grave. My mail was a large one. I had been hindered greatly by other duties and it had accumulated, compelling me, as it often did, to toil on into late hours.

I had been out to my dinner long ago. I do not know what had become of Nicolay and Hay. My door was open, however, and at last I saw men come out of Lincoln's office and walk slowly away. I can recall Seward, Halleck, Stanton, but after they had departed I believed myself to be alone on that floor of the Executive Mansion except for the President in his room across the hall. It was then about nine o'clock, for I looked at my watch. It seemed as if the rooms and hall were full of shadows, some of which came in

and sat down by me to ask me what I thought would become of the Union cause and the country. Not long afterward a dull, regularly repeated sound came out of Lincoln's room through its half-open door. I listened, listened, and became aware that this was the measured tread of the President's feet, as he walked steadily to and fro, up and down, on the farther side, beyond the Cabinet table, from wall to wall. He must have been listening to a great many weird utterances, as he walked and as he turned at the wall at either end of his ceaseless promenade.

Ten o'clock came and found me still busy with my papers, but whenever I paused to endorse one of them I could hear the tread of the feet in that other room. The sound had become such a half-heard monotony that when, just at twelve o'clock midnight, it suddenly ceased, the silence startled me into listening. I did not dare to go and look in upon him, but what a silence that was! It may have continued during many minutes. Then the silence was broken and the sound of the heavy feet began again. One o'clock came and I still had much work before me. At times Mr. Lincoln's pace quickened as if under the spur of some burst of feeling.

Two o'clock came, for I again looked at my watch, and Lincoln was walking still. It was a vigil with God and with the future, and a long wrestle with disaster and, it may be, with himself — for he was weary of delays and sore with defeats. It was almost three o'clock when my own long task was done and I arose to go, but I did not so much as peer through the narrow opening of the President's doorway. It would have been a kind of profanity. At the top of the stairway, however, I paused and listened before going down, and the last sound that I heard and that seemed to go out of the house with me was the sentry-like tread with which the President was marching on into the coming day.

I went home weary enough, but did not go to bed. I remember taking a bath and then a breakfast at Gautier's restaurant on the avenue. My table was still heavily loaded and I knew fresh duties were at hand. It was therefore not yet eight o'clock when I was once more at the White House, letting myself in with my latchkey. It was a bright sunlit morning, without a cloud in the sky.

On reaching the second floor I saw the President's door wide open and looked in. There he sat, near the end of the Cabinet table, with a breakfast before him. Just beyond the cup of coffee at his right lay a sheet of foolscap paper, covered with fresh writing in his own hand. They were the orders under which General Meade shortly took Hooker's place and marched on to Gettysburg. That long night vigil and combat had been a victory, for he turned to me with a bright and smiling face and talked with me as cheerfully as if he had not been up all night in that room, face to face with — Chancellorsville.

Rites for W. O. Stoddard, Lincoln Secretary, To-day

Funeral Services at Madison, N. J., Home Will Be Private

MADISON, N. J., Aug. 30.—The funeral of William O. Stoddard, private secretary and intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln, who died Saturday night, will take place to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home here of his son, Ralph G. Stoddard, 37 Crescent Road. The Rev. Minot C. Morgan, pastor of the Fort Street Presbyterian Church, Detroit, Mich., will officiate. Burial will be in the family plot in the Presbyterian Cemetery here.

Only friends and members of the family are expected to attend the services. Mr. Stoddard, who was ninety years old, had outlived most of his friends of Civil War days. He is survived by two sons, Ralph G. Stoddard, a member of the Standard Statistics Company, New York City, and William O. Stoddard jr., of Detroit, vice-president of the Duratex Corporation.

Mr. Stoddard's career was one in which national characters and historic colorfulness were mixed to produce a man in whom Lincoln found a trustworthy adviser and loyal friend. As a young editor Mr. Stoddard wrote an editorial advocating Lincoln for President. It was widely reprinted and later Lincoln called on the young man to thank him. When Lincoln became President he sent for Mr. Stoddard, then only twenty-five, and asked him to become his secretary. To the time of Mr. Stoddard's death one of his most treasured possessions was the key to the front door of the White House, which was given him when he occupied rooms there during the Civil War.

As secretary to the President it was one of Mr. Stoddard's duties to attend Mrs. Lincoln at the social and public functions in Washington. In this capacity he met and became the friend of Generals John A. Dix, Burnside, Joe Hooker, Presidents Garfield, Grant and Cleveland, John C. Fremont, Kit Carson, Generals Otis and McClellan, James G. Blaine and Carl Schurz. Among his literary friends were Mark Twain, William Cullen Bryant, George W. Curtis, Richard Watson Gilder and Whitelaw Reid.

1925

THE COMMENTATOR

By W. K. KELSEY

1955

Lincoln's Third Secretary

IT MAY SURPRISE many Detroiters to learn that the father of one of them was a private secretary of Abraham Lincoln nearly a century ago. The Detroiter is William O. Stoddard Jr., of 140 Webb avenue. His father was William Osborn Stoddard, who at the age of 25 found himself at a desk in the White House with Secretaries John G. Nicolay and John Hay.

Mr. Stoddard of Detroit has edited and put into a short book some of his father's reminiscences of Lincoln. Entitled "Lincoln's Third Secretary," it has just been issued by Exposition Press. It contains a foreword by Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones, who perhaps knows more about Lincoln than Tom Starr, even.

The original W. O. Stoddard was born in Homer, N.Y. Sept. 24, 1835, exactly three months before the Commentator's grandmother was born at Rochester, not so far away. At 23 he was graduated from the University of Rochester, but by the time Martha Knight moved to Michigan, Stoddard went to West Urbana (now Champaign), Ill., where he became the joint editor of the weekly Central Illinois Gazette. And soon he encountered Abraham Lincoln, the [illegible]-riding lawyer who once seen could seldom be forgotten.

Stoddard thought he was the first newspaperman to mention Lincoln for the presidency. Dr. Jones believes he was the second. Others rank him third. It's of no consequence, except that Lincoln evidently kept the matter in mind and also knew Stoddard worked hard for him in the campaign.

Anyway, the president-elect offered him a Washington clerkship. Stoddard replied that the only thing that would tempt him was a job on the President's personal staff. Some weeks later he received a brief instruction from A[illegible] to go to Washington and see him.

Averting the Troublesome

THE TIME SPENT [illegible] at first was [illegible] but rather swift[illegible] with the President [illegible] dential. With Lincoln's approv[illegible] enlisted for a three months' s[illegible] with the National Rifles, part of the Washington guards. With John Hay he took dancing lessons. They rode together; they studied French together under "a really good teacher, a Prof. Marix, a Russian Jew whose pronunciation had the St. Petersburg improvement on the Parisian." When the Civil War really started, the secretaries had very little time for such things.

They had to protect the President from office-seekers from time wasters, from applicants for favors from people with bones to pick. Presently Stoddard found himself opening large daily batches of mail and throwing away abusive letters.

Mrs. Lincoln found what he was doing, and asked him to take charge of her correspondence also. "Stod" made a hit with her, and she with him. He thought history was cruelly unjust to her.

He was in at the birth of the Union League in the summer of 1862, and was president of the second council organized in Washington. He was also a member of the Grand Council of 12, the executive group, and in the League's convention in 1863 it was a speech by Stoddard that prevented adoption of a resolution condemning the administration.

One particularly good story has to do with a call Mr. Lincoln paid one evening before Lee's invasion of Maryland to Gen. McClellan, taking "Stod" with him. Stoddard thought it peculiar that the President should so demean himself; but he was to see Lincoln take command.

"Lincoln listened well and said little at first. Then, a word at a time, he began to open, expanding visibly as he went on, and the match became intensely interesting. Perfect accord, perfect good will, perfect good manners, not a trace of excitement on either side. There was, in fact, a seemingly mutual yielding of all the points under discussion, but at the end of it all had been yielded by Gen. McClellan."

Lincoln on Grant

STODDARD WAS down with typhoid when Gen. Grant came to Washington to become head of the [illegible] and he did not see the man from the West. Later he asked the President about him. "Stoddard," said Mr. Lincoln, "Grant is the first general I've had! He's a general!"

He explained that other commanders had come to him with plans of campaign as if to shove responsibility on the President. "It isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I'm glad to find a man [illegible] to can go ahead."

Lincoln had been partic[illegible] impressed because Grant had not gotten him [illegible] horses for 15,000 men who had none. Instead of asking for mounts which could not be found, Grant had wanted to know whether to disband the men or make them into infantry. "He does not ask me to do impossibilities for him, and he's the first general I've had that didn't."

The Detroit News
Established Aug. 23, 1873
Publishers: James E. Scripps 1873-1906;
George G. Booth 1906-1929;
William E. Scripps 1920-1953
[illegible]—Publisher
[illegible]—General Manager
[illegible]—Editor
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Stoddard, 91, Dies; Lincoln Aide's Son

A Detroiter who perhaps had [illegible] knowledge of Abraham Lincoln died here Saturday.

William O. Stoddard, 91, of [illegible] Webb, was the son of another William O. Stoddard who

WILLIAM O. STODDARD

served as Lincoln's private secretary during the Civil War.

Mr. Stoddard wrote a book, "Lincoln's Third Secretary," about his father's experiences and was one of the few persons invited to Washington when Lincoln's letters and private documents were unsealed.

1ST TO BACK LINCOLN

Mr. Stoddard's father, as 25-year-old editor of the Central Illinois Gazette, was credited with being the first to suggest Lincoln, then an Illinois country lawyer, as presidential timber.

Lincoln took him to Washington after his election and, while Stoddard was known as third secretary, ranking behind John G. Nicolay and John Hay, he had an office directly across the hall from Lincoln's and handled most of his confidential errands.

"Mrs. Lincoln," the son recalled, "learned that my father was picking out and throwing away the many abusive letters Lincoln received during the war. She thereupon asked him to go through her mail, too, before she saw it.

"My father also liked to tell a story about how a corporal [illegible] the President and himself a hair dressing-down when he found them practicing target shooting behind the White House."

INVENTED AUTO TEXTILE

Besides the book on his father's experiences, Mr. Stoddard also wrote five books for boys, but his vocation was the automobile industry. He invented a coated textile used in auto roofs during the early days of the industry and in later years sold textiles for auto interiors.

Born in New York City, Mr. Stoddard lived in Detroit since 1923 and was a former president of the Pere Marquette Rod and Gun Club and elder in the Woodward Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Memorial services will be held at the church at 2:30 p.m. Monday.

Surviving are a daughter, Susan; a son, Dr. Gordon V., of East Orange, N.J.; and a brother, Ralph G., of Madison, N.J.

These were so yellowed & old & over library's Xerox Machine not mine to

Redlands,California 92373
February 17th,1967

Dr.R Gerald McMurtry
The Lincoln Museum
The Lincoln National Life Foundation
1301 South Harrison Street
Ft.Wayne,Indiana 46801

Dear Dr.McMurtry,

May I please obtain a listing of books and pamphlets written by Mr.William Osborne Stoddard Jr inorder that I may obtain them through the local library? I intend to purchase them through a book dealer too.

I met Mr.William Osborne Stoddard Jr at the Grosse Pointe,Michigan Methodist Memorial Church in the winter months of 1939.My mother introduced me to Mr.Stoddard when I went upstairs from the church basement where our Boy Scout Troop had had its meeting while the Grosse Pointe Women's Professional Club conducted its meeting on the same night upstairs,Mr.Stoddard was the speaker of the Grosse Pte Women's Professional Club this particular night and he told the women on this night some unpublished facts about his father's relationship to Abraham Lincoln,as his private secretary(once Lincoln summoned Gen McClellan to the White-House but the Gen ignored Lincoln's summons which caused Lincoln to take along his secretary with him to the house of Gen McClellan.when Lincoln & Mr.Stoddard arrived at the General's house and were announced to the General that they were waiting downstairs to see him, General McClellan kept Lincoln & Mr.Stoddard waiting for about an hour and when he come downstairs his uniform was open and his appearance disorderly.President Lincoln excused himself and went with the Gen to a private sitting and closed the doors behind him,shortly there was a trashing which Mr.Stoddard could hear and shortly afterwards Lincoln came out of the room and put on his coat and left the General's house with Mr.Stoddard.).My mother asked Mr.Stoddard to let me hold the large bronz key Lincoln gave to his father shortly before the assassination with the remark to his father that he would have no further need of the key which ~~strange~~ seemed like a strange remark until after he realized the meaning shortly after the assassination took place at Ford's Theater. I presume Mr.William Osborne Stoddard Jr is now deceased or if he is still living must be a very very old gentleman.he wrote one book titled "LINCOLN'S THIRD SECRETARY" which I know and when I was in Spokane,Wash noticed several other books written by him too.most likely you have all his books,magazine articles and pamphlets. I wonder what ever became of the key, where are his father's personal papers,relics,mementoes and ~~etc~~ located?(I presume ~~key~~ is now located there too.)

Thank you most kindly for your time and interest.

Cordially,

Joseph Ralph Johnstone

Joseph Ralph Johnstone

31852 High View Drive
Redlands,California 92373

February 21, 1967

Mr. Joseph Ralph Johnstone
31852 High View Drive
Redlands, California 92373

Dear Mr. Johnstone:

I am taking the liberty of answering your letter of February 17th, to Dr. McMurtry, as he will be away on a speaking tour until March.

The only book we have in our library by William O. Stoddard, Jr. is Lincoln's Third Secretary - The Memoirs of William O. Stoddard.

Of course, we have all editions of the books written by his father, who was Lincoln's Secretary. They are as follows:

Abraham Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life
Red Letter Life of the Republic. Abraham Lincoln: the Man and the War President
Revised Edition Abraham Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life Showing the Inner Growth, Special Training and Peculiar Fitness of the Man for His Work
Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson
Inside the White House in War Times
The Table Talk of Abraham Lincoln
Lincoln at Work, sketches from life ...
The Boy Lincoln

A search of our files gives no clue as to the present location of the key or personal papers of Mr. Stoddard. We can safely assume, I believe, that William Stoddard, Jr. is deceased.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Ruth P. Higgins
Asst. to Dr. McMurtry

rh/

enc. L. Love #412

Robert Jaques

Route 1, Box 63L
HARTSELLE, ALABAMA 35640

August 9, 1974

Mr. Mark E. Neely, Jr.
Lincoln National Life Ins. Co.
Ft. Wayne, Indiana 46801

Dear Mr. Neely:

With regard to my letter of last month referring to my letter written by William O. Stoddard, I am enclosing a copy of the letter for your information.

Mr. Stoddard has written in the fine style of penmanship that is characteristic of that period. Do you have many items by Mr. Stoddard?

~~Sincerely~~,

Robert Jaques

Robert Jaques

Words of Abraham Lincoln –
March 4th 1865.

"With malice toward none,
with charity for all; with
firmness in the right, as God
gives us to see the right, let
us strive on to finish the work
we are in." ——

Morrisania, New York
December – 1886.

W. C. Bidwell

August 19, 1974

Mr. Robert Jaques
Route 1, Box 63L
Hartselle, Alabama 35640

Dear Mr. Jaques:

We own a half-dozen Stoddard letters and are pleased to have the copy you sent us. As a one-time secretary, he did write a fine hand. Thank you very much for your trouble.

Yours truly,

Mark E. Neely, Jr.

men/mjh

203 • (——.) STODDARD, WILLIAM O. Portrait of the young Stoddard in uniform, standing with fixed bayonet. Ambrotype, 1/6-plate; buttons and trim touched in gilt. In rubbed leather case, hinge renewed. 1861? **[300/500]**

This photograph accompanied group of items described in Lot 432, among them Stoddard's key to the White House. Handwritten caption on slip of paper laid in ambrotype case identifies this as W. O. Stoddard, Sr., Washington, D.C.

In April 1861, Stoddard enlisted—with Lincoln's permission—as a private for 3 months' service in the United States Volunteers.

[SEE ILLUSTRATION]

204 • (——.) STODDARD, WILLIAM O.(?) Soldier, standing before painted camp scene backdrop; uniform trim touched with gilt. Tintype, 1/6-plate; in thermoplastic case, damaged at clasp; velvet lining stamped WILLARD, No. 1628 Market St., [Philadelphia]. 1860s **[80/120]**

Although Stoddard was known to have served for 3 months as a private, the uniform seems more that of a sergeant.

205 • (——.) STODDARD, WILLIAM O.(?) Bust-length portrait of soldier in uniform. Tintype, 1/4-plate; brass mat, cover glass, and preserver; no case. 1860s **[80/120]**

Although Stoddard was known to have served for 3 months as a private, the uniform here seems that of a major.

206 • (——.) ZOUAVE. Tintype of a Zouave, posed in studio, leaning on rifle. About 5½x3½ cm; emulsion flaked at edges; no case. Early 1860s **[100/150]**

203.